

COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

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No. 15

The Golden Age.

Now that the baseball war is over, the present season promises to be one of the greatest in the history of the game. All differences have been settled, and there is now nothing to hamper the progress of American national sport, so the fans may well look forward to an interesting and enjoyable season. The effect of this "peace" is widespread. We feel it even here at St. Joe, for our coming season promises to be one of the most successful in the history of the institution. This impression strikes a person most forcibly when he looks over the material that is at hand for that league which is called the "Outlaw" or the "Southern" or "Federal." South Side veterans like Beck, Wigmore, Weger, and Frank DeJaco are thrilled with joy when they behold the influx of fine material, all in first class condition, and ready to hit the high gait of the snappy Feds. Most promising among the recruits is McCormick, the New York man who says he has never played ball in his life. "He is in prime condition," says Mr. Beck enthusiastically. Then there is Leo Hildebrand, who has all the earmarks of a hitless wonder, and who should therefore prove a good all around player and pinch hitter on the south side. Next comes William Deutsch, who has not touched a ball for two years, owing to sickness; he will be the Ty Cobb of the Federals just as sure as he wears a glove. Matthews, though somewhat in condition at present, may be able to reach the South Side standard by the opening of the season. And keep your eyes on Gregory Miller, who looks as though he would catch them butter-finger fashion, and is in perfect condition. Bomholt is a likely looking youngster. Base stealing honors will probably be divided between him and Loectefelt, as both are speed marvels. Tom Scanlon may make good, if he improves as he did in football, and Cletus Scheuer, the speedy crooked arm twirler of Federal fame, says he will be there with the goods. This is the Golden Age of South Side baseball.

St. Joe 5 vs. St. Xavier 3.

The baseball season at St. Joe opened April 30th when St. Joe met her ancient rival, St. Xavier, and conquered the boys from the South Side. The game seemed as though it was going to be a pitcher's battle. Soon, however a few timely hits by Bruin and Daley left no doubt as to how the score would stand. Brunswick, the new pitcher of St. Joe, pitched a splendid game. We hope to see him continuing in the good work. Strike outs are common for him. Let us hope that his support will never fail him, if by chance his opponents happen to hit the ball.

Board Meeting.

The A. A. Board met Sunday Eve April 17th and from a large list of candidates chose the following to represent St. Joe in baseball; John Bruin, A. Brunswick, A. Deery, Klem, Daily, Hogan, Cullen, Wonderly, Tremel, Miehls. There is one more man to be chosen for the varsity. All players show some pep and maybe this choice will be made soon.

Senior League.

The managers of the senior league this year have gotten away from the old custom of naming their teams. The names this year are a little odd, and original. Carl Beckert has the pleasure of leading the Blankinofs. M. Lause, the Candy Store Reserves. Robert Loughrey, Cadets. Von der Haeghan the Teutons.

The teams are all winners from the looks of the line up. We are all looking forward to some interesting games.

It gives the general manager great pleasure to announce that the Senior League and Academic League will start out on their schedule this week. The opening of these Leagues would have taken place sooner but the weather was not favorable.

The Managers of the Academic League are Koenig, Striff, Falk, and Maher.

Diamond Dust.

Now that the baseball time is here, the sun is out and skies are clear, we see the boys bring out the glove and play the sport that all boys love. The campus is a living mass; they knock and catch and miss and pass; they play both steady and in spurts; they wear not caps nor coats nor shirts. The earth is spiked by many feet, and here and there run youngsters fleet; the heat is tempered by the breeze, there are no 'skeeters' and no fleas. The water pail begins its round, and batters still the horse-hide pound; and still the A. A. dope is lost, that each of us five dollars cost.

The managers all lose their goats, they yell and root and hurt their throats; they rage and row and almost cuss, and say, "this is an awful muss." The victor shouts and yells with glee, the umpire strains his eyes to see; the loser hangs his head with shame, and doesn't know just who's to blame. The Reps think they're the entire cheese, they practice just whene'er they please; they hit the ball all o'er the lot, and gobble up the grounders hot. The managers of the senior league, are masters of the game's intrigue; each holds out hopes for many wins, and to a star his wagon pins.

The juniors now are raising cain, from noise they scarcely do refrain; they quite amuse us with their pranks, and give the umpire little thanks. The Outlaws have just organized, that league so classy and so prized; they use a shovel 'fore the game, and save themselves from getting lame. Now for the greatest season yet, that it won't be you needn't fret: put on a glove and join the band, the A. A. needs your helping hand.

Swimming.

The only sport that can be indulged in without becoming bathed in perspiration and clogged up with dust is swimming. All during the winter months dreams of the old swimming hole with the sun shining hot on its banks pass in quick succession through the minds of the followers of aquatic sports. I would emulate the saying of the fellow who said: "There is nothing so nice as a three cornered slice of P-i-e," and say; there is nothing so nice as a three cornered pond on a warm eve. Swimming is a sport that will do more for any one indulging in it than any other sport.

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C. L. S.

The Columbian Literary Society met Sunday, April 30, for the last time of the scholastic year 1915-16. After the regular order of business, Vice President Paul Fogarty, in the absence of President Fettig who could not attend this meeting owing to illness, addressed the Society and in the name of Mr. Fettig thanked the members for their hearty cooperation with him in carrying on the work of the C.L.S. He also expressed the appreciation of the Society, as such, for the many efforts made in its behalf by Father I. Rapp, the moderator of the Society, and Mr. E. P. Honan, teacher of Parliamentary Law.

Mr. Honan then took the floor and favored the Society with a five minutes talk. He stated that, handicapped as it was this year, the work of the C.L.S. was a success in every way, and congratulated the Society on its improvement over former years. He reminded them, however, that this attainment to success would have been an impossibility without the helpful and guiding hand of the Rev. Moderator.

Fr. Ildephonse Rapp also addressed the Society and said that he was highly pleased with the year's work and that he considered this year a splendid and successful one. He also expressed the hope that our Commencement play would fitly crown the year's efforts and thus bring the noble work of the C.L.S. to a brilliant close

Tennis.

As soon as the first robin appears, tennis enthusiasts are seen inspecting the courts at St. Joe. Next to baseball tennis occupies the prominent place in sports here. And rightly so. We have some of the best courts in Indiana. And tennis deserves prominence on account of the excellent exercise which this sport affords. St. Joe always seems to have crack players. This was proven several times during the past years in different tournaments

Entertainment.

The student body was again instructed and amused by some of Kleine's educational films. This time they had the pleasure of seeing different bacteria as they are seen under the microscope. This is the second time that moving pictures were shown in the new Alumni Hall. Last time the theme treated was the flower kingdom. Some of the younger students especially enjoyed the latest films on account of the big words used. They had ample chance to use their fertile imaginations.

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Editorials

EASTER vacation has come and gone and we have once again accostomed ourselves to the regular routine of college life. We thoroughly enjoyed our week of freedom—a foretaste of the good times June will bring. But now instead of anticipating a delightful and enjoyable summer recess, let us rather remember that it is only that student who employs his study time advantageously, who can truly derive benefit from a vacation. Study! and assure yourselves of a jolly good time next June.

Pep.

Of the many words in the dictionary of college slang, one of the most expressive is "Pep." Without pep college life would indeed, be dead. It is that invigorating enthusiasm that will take a losing team, in the last few minutes of play, from the cellar of the score to the roof. A team without pep is like an army without arms. Any game without pep lacks interest. There is no thrill of the contest, nor that exhilarating excitement that we all wish for, in a pepless encounter.

The Best Story contest will again be started at the Smoking Club. Before beginning on any good tale be sure that at least 3 of the judges are present. These judge are; Stewart, Wigmore, Schwartz, Silverstein, and Keller. If any contestant is not willing to prove his story his efforts will not count.

N. Lambert: The Varsity can travel cheap this year.

Vonderhaar: Why?

Lambert? Why, they'll carry their Daily Miehles along with them.

There was a young man named Clyde
When at a funeral espied
Was asked who was dead.
Simply turned round and said;
"I don't know I just came for the ride."

Pope.

Hidden Treasure.

It was one of those changeable days in early May that Harry made his discovery. He was walking near the grove north of the gymnasium, when looking at the stump of an old tree that had been blown down, he saw a round tube imbedded in the center. In this tube was a palimpsest which in Greek told where a treasure was hidden. Following out the directions he located the place under the floor of the old smoking club in the basement of the Minim building. At midnight, with his pal John, armed with a crowbar and shovel, he went down to dig out the treasure. After digging ten minutes his tool struck wood. His heart just about stopped beating. Pulling up the box and breaking it open took only a minute. Imagine their chagrin, when instead of seeing gold coin and jewelry, they found a can of Prince Albert and a package of cigarette papers. It seems that some of the students years ago had planted the Greek document for a smoking club officer to find. The officer, however, did not come up to their expectations, and so the treasure lay hidden to our time.

NOTE—Harry said the tobacco was still in good condition.

With the Class of 16—17.

Yes, sir! I am a graduate, the uproar of the games I hate; I love to sit within the doors, and ponder over classic lores. No more for me the field's delight, no more the contest nor the fight; Xenophon I use my brain, while you with sports your bodies train. You look on me with envy's eyes, but it's not easy to be wise; while you are running 'round the base, to some Greek author I give chase. Commencement days are drawing near, for me some things are still unclear; and thus you see it me behooves, to make some comprehensive moves. Else when the final wave comes 'round, in unknown waters I'll be drowned; and you will read with helpless tear, these words upon my unknown bier—

"Rock-a-bye Senior in the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle
will rock.
When the bough breaks, the cradle
will fall,
Then down will come Senior, diploma
and all."

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